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The Week

AS we go to press, the administration is on the eve of the most momentous decision America has been called upon to make since April, 1917. M. Poincaré's restrictions on the proposed conference on Germany's capacity to pay, added to Mr. Hughes's preliminary conditions, have destroyed the possibility that anything important can be accomplished. No real work can be done by a conference which must not be binding, must not question the French occupation of the Ruhr, and must deal only with Germany's "present capacity" to pay—unless America will change her mind and permit (as the wily French Premier very well knows she will not) a discussion of interallied debts. M. Poincaré, whose one desire from the first has been to prevent any sort of conference, and to continue the death grip France holds on Germany's throat, has done everything except to tear up the invitation and throw it in our faces. To continue acquiescent and to send our representatives to such a mock-conference would be a bitter humiliation for the administration, and one rendered no easier by the assaults of the isolationists at home, who have already begun their campaign of opposition.

ALL Europe, as Will Irwin pointed out the other day, is being fed on lies in the form of government propaganda, and is living on the hate which those lies engender. The average Frenchman believes what his government tells him, that Germany can pay the full indemnity, if she will end her policy of evasion. All Germans believe their own government propaganda, which magnifies what Germany has paid and reduces to zero what she still can pay. An expert conference, with authority to go into all the relevant facts, would let in the sunlight. A conference so narrowly circumscribed as that which Poincaré is willing to accept would be practically worthless. The feeble ray of truth it might shed could never penetrate the fog of lies. Mr. Hughes is exactly right in insisting that if the conference is to be held it must be put in a position to explore the relevant facts. If Poincaré refuses to confer in those circumstances, he confesses to the world that he is afraid of the truth.

POINCARÉ imagines that he scores a point by making America's refusal to take the Allied debts into the conference a precedent for his own limitations. What France may have to pay America may have some bearing on what Germany ought to pay. It has no bearing on the question of what Germany can pay, and that is the only question that the proposed conference could legitimately take up, unless it were authorized to revise the Treaty of Versailles. There is, of course, no reason why France should not demand another conference to determine what she can pay. It may be that in spite of whatever sums she can extract from Germany, and in spite of such savings as she might make by abandoning her policy of military loans to Poland and the Little Entente, she is unable to pay her debts to America in full. America does not insist on payments that France is unable to make, and would no doubt be willing to accept an invitation to an expert conference to inquire into France's capacity to pay.

AMONG the facts which a real conference on Germany could establish is one which ought to be obvious, but it is rarely mentioned: namely, that there is no such thing as a German "capacity to

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pay" ascertainable in terms of a mathematical formula. German capacity to pay is wholly based on German capacity to work hard and consume little, both of which are directly dependent on whether or not the individual German feels that there is any reason for him to do these things. The question is in reality a psychological one, and its most important aspects are two: Does the German feel that he is under any moral obligation to make the sacrifices involved in increasing his production and decreasing his consumption? Does he believe that he will be treated fairly if he undertakes these sacrifices?

TO ask these questions is to answer them. An overwhelming majority of Germans sincerely believe, first, that their country is not morally responsible for the war, and second, that the Allies have u erly violated the terms of the pre-Armistice agreement. An overwhelming majority also believes that sacrifice to pay reparations is useless; that France is determined to see her hereditary enemy crushed and dismembered, no matter what efforts at fulfillment of the Treaty are made; and that the harder Germany tries, the harsher the conditions will become. This opinion, it must be said, is also widely held in England and America, and among the neutral states in Europe. Legal obligations and statistics as to economic possibilities are indeed little more than scraps of paper in the face of human realities such as these.

FOR many months, no voice has been raised in France to oppose the policy of M. Poincaré, except that of the Communists, the partisan basis of whose attacks is all too plainly apparent. Now for the first time, criticism by liberals from a liberal point of view is being heard. The League for the Rights of Man has just ended a conference at which a platform was adopted which, according to Alfred Murray, Paris correspondent of the New York World, will be the basis of the liberal efforts in the next election. It calls the occupation of the Ruhr "an act of war," illegal and profitless, which has strengthened German reactionaries, weakened German liberals, produced worse hatred than in wartime, and isolated France from Great Britain and the United States. The League demands a real international conference on German capacity to pay, and a prompt evacuation of the Ruhr as soon as new measures in guarantee of payment have been put into effect. That it is possible for a group of French liberals to voice such a program is a heartening fact for those of like faith abroad who had begun to wonder whether all Frenchmen had lost their reason; and should at least disturb the complacency of M. Poincaré and his Bloc National as they look forward to the election next spring.

ASIDE from the conference negotiations, the struggle of the Stresemann government to hold Germany together, and the wavering fortunes of the "Rhineland Republic" are the outstanding items of the week's European news. The Berlin government has successfully brought Saxony under its control, but the reactionary Nationalist-Royalist group now in control of Bavaria remains defiant, and as we go to press is massing its troops on the frontier against the loyal forces marching South to maintain order. The Socialist members of the Berlin government have resigned, Herr Stresemann having by the ruse of diplomatic illness dodged the issue of their ultimatum. They demanded a stable currency, compulsory sale of farmers' foodstuffs, and the use of the utmost force against Bavaria. The new "German dollar" is popular enough to cause riots among eager purchasers at the banks where it is being distributed; but there is not, and under present conditions, cannot be enough of this currency to conduct the country's business. Paper marks have sunk to nearly half a trillion to the dollar, and no way to halt the decline is in sight. Food riots are frequent, especially in Berlin and in the Ruhr, where the distracted people, facing the approach of winter and on the brink of starvation, know not which way to turn.

FRANCE'S hand-made "Rhineland Republic" continues its precarious existence under the shadow of French and Belgian bayonets. Despite the continued insistence of Paris that the "revolution" is genuine, there can be few intelligent people left in the world who still believe that this is the case. Almost to a man, the American newspaper correspondents who are on the spot dispute it. The historic policy of France, pursued for centuries, of seeking a Rhine frontier; her desperate struggles to secure it in the Peace Conference; and her efforts in the same direction during the past four years, are all confirmed by the final and notorious fact that during the past fortnight the Separatists have everywhere been given carte blanche, and their opponents held in check. When Great Britain this week sent a note of protest against such barefaced connivance, as violating the Treaty of Versailles, France insolently replied that the Separatist movement is strictly an internal affair of Germany's —despite the fact that the Treaty guarantees her territorial integrity, and forbids her to send into the Rhineland even the handful of troops she would need to crush the "revolution." Finally, when the Belgian forces drove the Separatists out of Aix-la-Chapelle, at the demand of the British and Dutch consuls, the French angrily demanded to know what the Belgians meant by thus thwarting their plans. Frank confession of complicity could hardly go further.

PROGRESSING negotiations between France and the Ruhr industrialists, the twelve-mile liquor proposal, and Baldwin's defence of his proposed

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tariff policy are the other main events of a crowded week in international affairs. The Ruhr industrialists are capitulating abjectly, making terms for which not they but their workmen must pay, by being reduced to a condition little better than slavery. The London and Washington governments have by a process of sheer barter agreed that we shall have the right to seize and search suspected "rum ships" an hour's sail from our shores. In return, British liners may bring liquor into our harbors under seal—a proposal, however, which the Department of Justice regards as unconstitutional, and one which will be hotly resented by other maritime nations thus discriminated against. Mr. Baldwin, defending his tariff proposals, points out that he would tax only those manufactured goods which, when imported, contribute to English unemployment; that preference would be given the Dominions; and that he would put no imposts on wheat or meat. He hopes, specifically, that the British Commonwealth can eventually become independent of the United States's cotton, sugar and tobacco, which is cheerful news for the American producers of those commodities.

IN the week's domestic news, various aspects of the farm problem, politics, and the great Pinchot-Mellon debate are the high spots. The railroads, as was to be expected, have refused President Coolidge's half-hearted request that they reduce freight rates on farm products for export. The carriers declare that Canada and the Argentine would follow suit, and that the farmer wouldn't benefit. In any event, an investigation of the whole freight rate structure is to be made by the I. C. C., beginning November 15. Messrs. Meyer and Mondell have returned from their scouting trip through the West with little that is new, and no plans of immediate value. Friends of the farmer point out that much of this year's grain crop will have been marketed before Congress meets, so that whatever that body may do for agriculture will not become effective until next year. For the moment, the plan to buy surplus wheat and give or sell it on long credits to Germany seems the only device with any appearance of practicality. In the political arena, the announcement of Hiram Johnson's candidacy seems to impend from moment to moment. A Ku Klux weekly magazine reports that the seal of death must be put on the ambitions of Underwood, "Al" Smith, and Henry Ford—the last being on the list for the idiotic reason that he is supposed to have made a present of an automobile to a Roman Catholic Archbishop.

BOTH in Great Britain and the United States, for some years a tendency has been noticeable for the control of newspapers to pass into the hands of an ever-smaller body of rich men. In this country, W. R. Hearst buys existing papers and starts new ones, with the ambition, it is said, to possess a hundred dailies. The Scripps-Howard organization, the Chicago Tribune's owners and Frank A. Munsey are engaged in greater or less degree in the same activity. From London recently came the news of a sensational development of this sort. Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook have purchased the huge combination of newspapers and magazines known as the Hulton press, financing the operation by a public issue of securities in the sum of $40,000,000, promptly snapped up by investors. These two noble gentlemen have now acquired almost a monopoly of the popular press of Great Britain. They control four powerful morning journals in London, and now have two of the only three remaining evening papers. Though the political power exerted by the sensational journalist is often overrated, it remains one of the most serious social phenomena of our times, and is of course enormously increased as we approach monopolistic conditions. In the past, the man who would dominate and direct the thinking of the masses must at least have the intelligence and forensic skill necessary for a demagogue. Today he needs only a check book.

SPEAKING of Mr. Munsey reminds us that it is now possible to answer the famous question inspired by an act of his, "Do the slaves go with the plantation?" Nearly six months ago Mr. Munsey, the millionaire proprietor of the New York Herald, Telegram and Sun bought the New York Globe and consolidated it with the last-named. A few of the features of the Globe were continued in the combined sheet, others were assigned to the Telegram, and still others, abandoned by Mr. Munsey, were snapped up by rival evening papers. This led Mr. Arthur Brisbane to produce an indignant editorial on the theme, "Trying to steal Munsey's property." He referred to the rival publishers as "those pilfering newspaper failures" who "remind you of unpleasant crows that gather around a dead horse," and rebuked them for trying to get Globe circulation. Mr. Brisbane's theory that the buyer of a newspaper also buys the subscribers, aroused much comment at the time.

THE October circulation reports, made to the Post Office department under the federal law, show that at least the subscribers themselves did not agree with Mr. Brisbane. At the time of the consolidation, the combined circulation of the Sun and the Globe was 350,000. The six months' average which Mr. Munsey reported in October gave his combined paper only a circulation of 236,165. The consolidation, to be sure, is not yet six months old, so that these figures are not quite fair. If only the circulation of the Sun is included prior to the amalgamation, they are too low. If the total circulation of both papers is included, they are too high. In either case, however, it is

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perfectly clear that many thousands of readers who like the Globe do not like Mr. Munsey's combined paper and refuse to buy it. For the $2,000,000 which he paid he has secured an Associated Press franchise and perhaps 50,000 or 60,000 additional readers for his paper. The past history of the Munsey journalistic ventures gives no guarantee that these will be retained. On the other side of the balance must be put the destruction of the oldest newspaper in the United States, one with a fearless and independent liberal editorial policy, and one which was apparently regarded with peculiar affection by its 180,000 readers. We are not criticising Mr. Munsey. What he did was perfectly legal, and has often been done before. We wish only to point out the unusual nature of journalism which combines a private business enterprise with a semi-public institution. As long as this anomalous combination continues the reading public must expect rich men to buy or sell papers with no regard for the public welfare, and with very little for the wishes of the readers involved.

DR. NANSEN is performing an important service for the American people in telling the truth about German distress and the imperative need for relief. The American heart is sound. If we are callous to suffering anywhere it is because political delusions have filled us with the blind fear that inevitably issues in cruelty. We may recall the initial attitude of the American public toward the project of Russian relief. On every hand we heard otherwise humane Americans declare that the Russian people ought to starve until they got rid of the Soviet government. It was apparently impossible to make it clear that the children starving along the Volga had no responsibility for the government at Moscow and no power to overthrow it. Just so today it is apparently impossible to make many Americans realize that the hundreds of thousands of German children who must die unless relief comes had nothing to do with bringing on the war, or with the alleged deliberate failure of Germany to pay reparations. We need a campaign of education in common sense. Our national generosity will do the rest.

WE do not know of any American, however reactionary, who regrets what we did for Russia. The Bolsheviks are still in the saddle, and continue to speak scornfully of our "bourgeois" institutions, which somehow seem capable of hanging together nevertheless. American relief made us millions of friends in Russia. It did not make us enemies in any quarter. Relief to Germany will make us more millions of friends. Those who malign us as a grossly materialistic nation will ask what use we have for friends in Russia and Germany. What profit can we get out of them? The answer is that American materialism is sufficiently human to regard friendship itself as a profit of the most tangible kind. We may be wrong, but we can't help thinking that a little more materialism of the American brand would be conducive to the peace and happiness of the world.

THE British Parliament has again disagreed in making a decision on the status of the English woman who marries an American husband. This case is one of the "sports" which is frequently bred through cross-mating of international laws, the woman in question losing her British citizenship but becoming an American only through the process of naturalization. What the investigating commission will eventually make of it isn't known, but it ought not to be hard for 1923 to swallow the idea that the wife in question should make her own choice in the matter. It is another relic of the theory of chattel ownership of spouses, with a projection of the idea that a foreign marriage changes overnight a girl's history, complexes, and accent. Unless Hymen decides to apply for first papers in his own behalf, law-makers will have to worry out some solution for wives who have, at present, no consul to visé their passports and no registrars to acknowledge their right to vote.

THE house dog is by way of earning his own keep through the recent action of burglary insurance companies allowing a ten percent reduction in the cost of protecting those houses which are guarded by his growl. Since there is no public stipulation of breed—all dogs are the same dog to the insurer—the policy bargain-hunter and the fancier are at liberty to pick from a wide field. The poodle, as well as the bull, becomes worth his very weight in premiums. Since this will enormously increase the number of dogs held in the community's good standing, they rise from the debated virtues of leisure to the yelping standards of an economic factor. Perhaps on estates of unusual value it will now be in style to assess him with an income tax (exemptions permitting)—or to observe his affiliation with the A. F. of L.

THERE was a time when protectionists could gain the support of the farming population at an extremely low price. All that was needed to justify high duties on imported manufactures was a high duty on imported farm products. The farmer was counted on not to press the difference between duties on goods that are imported in large volume and duties on goods that are hardly ever imported. Times have changed. Not only is the farmer coming to see that the agricultural duties do him no good, but he is beginning to realize that import duties even on goods he does not buy are a burden upon him. Europe cannot buy farm products unless she can send goods to pay for them. A tariff that checks imports from Europe checks equally exports from America and keeps surplus wheat in our elevators, to the farmers' cost.

THIS relation between exports and imports has been understood by economists for nearly two

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centuries. The layman could not see it, because he did all his thinking on international trade in terms of money. He imagined that we sold our wheat, took our gold and spent it where we liked. If we were patriotic we spent it at home. The depreciation of the continental currencies puts the matter in another light. We can't sell our wheat for gold to spend at home, for there is no gold to be had. If we do not wish to give the wheat away, we have to take something tangible in exchange for it—goods we can use, or sell in our markets. The logic of the situation is inescapable. The interest of the farmer lies in freer trade, and as matters stand, he can hardly be kept from seeing it.

THE Belgian defection from France on the Separatism question is a healthy sign. The dismemberment of Germany may serve French purposes; it cannot serve those of Belgium. An industrial and commercial people like the Belgians can prosper only under conditions of general peace, and peace cannot be attained so long as Germany is seething with disorders imposed from without. There is good reason for believing that the Belgian government never really believed in the Ruhr invasion. She associated herself with France only because she could not afford to stand alone, and there was no tangible British policy to which she could adhere. Now that the British are coming out of their diplomatic eclipse the Belgians are exhibiting a disposition to assume a more positive rôle than that of mere satellite of France.

THOSE who imagine that France can obtain a large profit through levies upon Germany will find something to puzzle them in Poincaré's figures of the results of four years' collections. France has received 2,152,492,000 gold marks in cash and in kind. The costs of occupation have amounted to 1,908,496,000 gold marks, leaving a net gain for France of 244,000,000 gold marks, or $61,000,000. Down to the present the real value of the French claim upon Germany has been about $15,000,000 a year. What prospect is there of increasing it? Germany's capacity to pay is much less than it was four years ago, and the costs of occupation may at any time increase enormously. It is time for French financiers to exclude Germany from its list of assets.

THE Chicago Y. W. C. A. has re-ranked the primary colors into a new spectrum for the benefit of the husband-seeker in its course in etiquette for business girls. Blue dresses make girls seem nicest, red ones lead to quarrels. We maintain that this is one of the things which psychologists should discuss only in clinical gatherings, unless they can avoid sex-discrimination by compiling a counter-chart for the male. Will a mauve necktie and socks make him irresistible? Perhaps colored eyeglasses will turn the trick for those whom nature has not given hereditary chromato-pseudoblepsis.

Does Coöperation with Britain Mean Intervention?

ON November 2 David Lloyd George finished a speaking tour of some weeks in Canada and the United States by addressing a large and enthusiastic audience in New York City. His final speech reiterated with emphasis the message which in different forms and on different occasions he has uttered ever since he landed in America. The continent of Europe, he has said, in substance, is divided by the exclusive ambition of its larger states and by the will to promote those ambitions by force. It is headed towards a new outbreak of war. If a new war comes, it may have an effect on modern European civilization not dissimilar to the effect which the barbarian invasions had upon the Graeco-Roman social structure. Great Britain is not sufficiently powerful to avert the danger. For centuries she has acted as the balance-wheel of European international politics. But the Allied victory in the war by disarming Germany, by alienating and impoverishing Russia, by giving the French army an overwhelming preponderance on the Continent and by converting the new nations which succeeded the Austro-Hungarian Empire in Central Europe into political satellites of France, has overweighted one end of the scales. The power of England is no longer sufficient to restore the balance. But the power of the United States plus the power of Great Britain might be sufficient. So Lloyd George pleads with this country to reënforce the effort of the British government to soothe the political animosities of the Continent and to save Europe from some at least of the impending calamities.

In delivering this message he is speaking unofficially but unmistakably for the instructed political intelligence of the British Empire. British statesmen are anxious not only about the future welfare of the European continent but about the future safety and prosperity of their own country. The political result of the war is from their point of view disastrous. They have helped to defeat the arrogant ambition of Imperial Germany only to substitute for the threatened German preponderance the almost equally dangerous preponderance of France. In spite of her colossal sacrifices during the war and of the 900,000 Britons, Canadians and Australians buried in France, Great Britain now exerts little or no positive influence upon the political behavior of continental Europe. The French journals stigmatize any attempt on her part to save Germany or to oppose French ambitions as an impertinent intrusion into any region where the interests and wishes of France are in their opinion paramount. Not since Napoleon has any European government been more offensively intolerant of opposition. Formerly under analogous conditions British di-

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plomacy would have taught France a lesson by rearming Germany, but under the existing circumstances it shrinks from going so far. A policy of retaliation might be disastrous to Europe and it would certainly involve Great Britain in the immediate danger of war against a continental coalition. The peril of political isolation in Europe is rendered the more alarming by the precarious condition of her economic structure.

From the British point of view the only promising way of combining security with a renewal of their former international prestige is through an understanding with the United States which would result in a common affirmative international policy. With American assistance they hope by diplomatic action to break the stranglehold of France on Germany, to bring about the economic recuperation of that country and to begin the appeasement of Europe. But even if a joint policy of pacification should fail and the French government continue to carry on its warfare against Germany, political cooperation with this country is still of prime importance to Great Britain. It alone would protect her against the danger of an attack by France on her communications. It would secure her food supply in the event of the formation of a hostile continental coalition. It would solve her problem by creating a self-sustaining economic and political union of the English speaking peoples which, if necessary, could afford to dispense with continental European markets and responsibilities.

Since the end of the war Great Britain has consented to one costly sacrifice after another in the hope of removing obstacles to a better understanding with the United States. Her leaders realized the impossibility of reaching an understanding as long as they governed Ireland by armed men from Dublin castle; and this realization had much to do with the grant of dominion status to the Irish Free State. They realized the impossibility of an understanding as long as they retained their alliance with a power which cherished designs towards China and in the Pacific obnoxious to American interests and ideals; and this realization was the major cause of their abandonment during the Washington Conference of the Japanese alliance and the substitution for it of the alternative, less satisfactory from their point of view, of the Four Power Treaty. They realized the impossibility of an understanding as long as they postponed the liquidation of their debt to the United States. They would have liked to postpone the consideration of this question until the reparations problem was composed, but they feared the effect on American opinion of any appearance of evasion or procrastination. This prompted them to accept a settlement which most Englishmen consider unnecessarily onerous and positively perilous to their future financial stability. Finally they have recently agreed to a modification of the rules of the sea, which was desired by this country in the interest of the enforcement of its prohibition law and which for a long time they have been loath to grant. In all these ways they have shown an admirably conciliatory disposition towards the American nation. When they propose coöperation between the two countries, they are entitled to a friendly and attentive hearing from the American government and people.

For our part we believe profoundly in closer political and economic coöperation with the British Empire. If the American people are wise, they will meet the British overtures at least half way and consider what they can do without disproportionate cost to themselves to give to the British Empire the needed security and reënforcement. Its safety and prosperity is of inestimable importance to the United States. Were it to decay or to break up the American Republic would be exposed to dangerous and expensive isolation. It would have to undertake alone the expensive and anxious job of safeguarding the sea routes which Britain for her own safety must keep open both in war and peace. The healthy operation of the free institutions of this country is associated with the continued separation of sea power from military supremacy and the survival of the political traditions which Great Britain and its union of free self-governing dominions incarnate and practice. The essential task of American foreign policy is that of developing the similarity of interests, position and ideas which exists between the two commonwealths into positive and effective methods of coöperation.

Political coöperation among the English speaking peoples would not, however, necessarily mean a common policy of intervention in a struggle for political preponderance in continental Europe. The United States and Great Britain together could not possibly play the same part in European politics as Great Britain alone did from 1690 to 1914. The function of acting as the balance wheel for the unstable political forces of the Continent will never be undertaken or shared by the United States. It is inseparable from that worship of force which Mr. Lloyd George considers the source of Europe's ills. The carrying on of that function has involved a steady liability on the part of Great Britain to wage war in alliance with continental powers whose purposes she did not share. The American nation assumed a similar liability during the late war. It sees now its mistake which it is determined not to repeat. The British should not expect any action by the American government or any threat of action which might imply the further employment of American military force in Europe. If the two governments acting together can possibly save Germany and curb France without a threat of war and without bestowing on injustice the sanction of international law, they certainly ought to do it. But British-American coöperation cannot travel any further on the road to intervention without imperilling its own perpetuity.

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Recent events have proved beyond reasonable doubt that at present there is no way of pacifying Europe and getting France out of the Ruhr without war or the threat of war. M. Poincaré is offering Great Britain and the United States a choice between two alternatives. If they are to remain a positive factor in continental Europe, they must act either as the enemy of France or as her accomplice. They cannot afford to do either. They should, if France continues to support M. Poincaré, simply withdraw from active participation in continental politics for the time being and give to France a free hand. They could announce when they withdrew the terms on which they were willing to go back, and they could announce also that, while they would not oppose what France was doing to Germany, they would never give the sanction of international law to the political results of French aggression. They would simply stand aside until the Continent had pacified itself either through exhaustion or through a change of heart. Whenever they go back, they would go back under conditions which made for permanent peace or not at all. There is a large and increasing body of British public opinion which is in favor of temporarily withdrawing from the Continent as the only means of convincing the European peoples of the disastrous consequences of French domination and the necessity of overthrowing it. Their point of view has received a most interesting positive expression in a series of articles which Mr. Loring Christie, formerly legal adviser to the Canadian Department of External Affairs, has recently published in the London Express. He advocates the policy of temporary withdrawal as a necessary condition of maintaining the political and economic unity of the British Empire. It is an equally necessary condition of true political coöperation among all the English speaking peoples. If they go out or stay out for the same good reason—the reason, viz., that they will not use their military political power either as the enemy or the accomplice of one party to a continental system of power politics—they will in the long run make it impossible for France to continue her present policy.

The only ultimate justification for intimate political coöperation between two such abounding centers of political and economic energy as the British Empire and the United States is the shaping of their union into the instrument of a disinterested international purpose, such as world appeasement. There are two ways in which they can prove the sincerity of the professed pacifism. One is by themselves abandoning war as an instrument of national policy. The other is by refusing to enter into bargains with other nations whose national policies derive their reality chiefly from the readiness to use force. The continent of Europe, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, still believes in force as the indispensable instrument of national purposes. The policy of France would be mad or ridiculous if the French army were not indisputably preponderant. The great object of French diplomacy is to place behind the results which it is achieving by force the sanction of law. It accomplished a brilliant victory in this respect when it secured the ratification of the Treaty. Versailles bestowed a legal sanction upon agreements which were imposed on the vanquished by a display of overwhelming force and constituted a denial of justice. Yet France was not satisfied. Recently by invading the Ruhr and by planning to break up Germany, she has gone beyond the prodigious license which she obtained under the Treaty of Versailles. If the British Empire and the United States are to combine for the purpose of vindicating peace, they must above all avoid a repetition of the mistake of the British government in ratifying the Carthaginian Peace. The decision to abandon and if possible to abolish war implies the decision to substitute law for it. Just in so far as they sign international agreements which like so many of the treaties of the past derive their whole reality from military force, just to that extent they keep alive the interdependence of law and war and condemn to ultimate failure their purpose to exert their combined influence in favor of just appeasement.

Democracy by Expulsion

ONE time friends of the American labor movement have reason to be gravely disturbed by recent happenings within the movement. For the moment trade unions are bringing their internal troubles into the open and are intimating that the real obstacles to progress lie within themselves and not in their relations with employers. Such, at any rate, is a reasonable interpretation of the meaning of the recent expulsion of Dunne by the Portland convention; of the hysterical attack on the communists in the United Mine Workers; and of similar moves by the administration in the needle trades against the left wings in Chicago and New York.

In this maze of political manoeuvering it is easy to exaggerate the influence of the American Federation of Labor and of Mr. Gompers. The policy of expulsion and repression, if it may be called a policy, is an invention of the international unions themselves. Mr. Gompers and the Federation lend it moral support. They win for it extensive advertisement and public approbation; and they perhaps even sow its seeds in international unions hitherto untroubled by the problem of radical minorities. But the policy is, nevertheless, a product of the peculiar political organization and requirements of the individual international union.

The need for discipline is, in the opinion of the

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typical trade union administration, paramount. Stability of the labor movement depends on the successful outcome of long and intricate processes of negotiation with employers and on the competent administration of the trade agreements, which are, in this country, the foundation of the relation between trade unions and employers. Responsible officers of well established labor organizations resent interference with the performance of their administrative functions. They hold radical minorities responsible for pushing the organization and themselves into hasty and ill advised action. Knowing as they do the delicacy and danger involved in conversations and negotiations with employers, they are quick to see the disaster to themselves and to the organization they represent in having their hands forced by a clamorous minority at an inopportune moment. They have, in fact, often experienced the effects of acting against their better judgment. Although they often confuse legislative with executive powers, their personal convenience with the interests of the organization, they are in the main honest in regarding their opponents as rebels and opposition movements as rebellions to be stamped out.

Well intentioned as many of these administrative policies may be, their effects cannot be regarded with equanimity. The labor movement is essentially and must remain a popular one. Tactics of repression, where they strengthen the hands of the administration and lead to favorable settlements with employers, may for the moment have a pleasing outcome. But in the long run even repression and expulsion will do no more than sanctify the administration that is then in power. That policy carried to its logical conclusion, as it now seems to be carried, will have no other result than the perpetuation of political machines in trade unions. It surely cannot be counted to the credit of the leaders of a democratic movement that they must purchase stability at the price of a political organization which is answerable only to its political henchmen.

For this unwholesome state of affairs, the "radical" or "left" elements must bear no small share of the blame. Like those in power, they, too, are shortsighted, dogmatic and stupid. Their choice of policy and of political strategy shows very little evidence of insight or of enlightened planning. The adoption of some of their proposals would unquestionably place labor organizations in worse straits than they are now. They, like the "conservative" leaders, have discovered ultimate solutions and have devised the appropriate formulae for making them effective. The "amalgamation" program of Mr. Foster is no less a panacea than the principle of rigid resistance to wage adjustments of Samuel Gompers. Both, in their own ways, can bring considerable disaster in their train. The Russians have already learned as much in meeting what are, perhaps, graver issues. But in the United States many leaders still prefer to deal with abstractions and to shun the realities of the shop and factory and of the conference room.

The failure of the "radicals" to act no more intelligently than the majority does, obviously does not justify the adoption of a program of forcible ejection. It is but a short step from expulsion for treason to expulsion for trivial political and partisan reasons. The precedent of expulsion, once established, can easily become a source of dangerous power in the hands of unscrupulous but ambitious leaders. Thoughtful members of the rank and file should ponder long before agreeing to the wholesale expulsion of members, except under circumstances of the most rare and serious nature. This warning is all the more pertinent when it is known that the number of labor organizations which have caught this radical phobia is still few. The bulk of the unions can proceed with their internal affairs calmly and efficiently. The minority is not destroyed; it keeps a place in the councils; it serves its function as a critic of the administration, which recognizes the value in an organization of the free play of conflicting points of view.

Undeviating pursuit of the policy expounded by Mr. Gompers at Portland, and practised by some international unions, will lead to a type of intolerance which the unions in the American labor movement will find it difficult to survive. Already they suffer in their external relations from the too strict adherence to outworn dogma and mistaken policies. But here new ideas and fresh methods are rapidly taking root. Trade unions can afford to be no less open-minded in their internal management. The hampering effects of prejudiced and narrow attitudes on the development of a labor press in this country, which were considered in these columns last week, are equally potent in restricting the progress of labor organizations throughout the whole range of their activities. Whether by accident or by design, trade unionism has come to be a movement for freedom and tolerance. It can cease to be so only at its peril.

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Is the Standard Oil Crumbling?

THE story of the efforts of the United States government to control, and not be controlled, by those aggregations of capital and brains which we call trusts is told on date stones. The last important one is 1911, when the government experimented with what it called dissolution, dividing the dreaded combine into its component parts. The first operation was made on the parent trust, the biggest and most feared of them all, the Standard Oil Company. Many independent oil men of that day considered the decree a business blunder; you could not stop momentum without stopping wheels—you could not, in a night, by order, break up practices and ways that had become automatic. Divided by law the Standard Oil Company still automatically made the price of oil—and, making the price of oil, controlled the business.

Let the reformers rage and the people tear their hair as they would, the Standard Oil Company was dissolved in 1911 on paper only. But it was dissolved on paper, and a paper bearing the seal of the United States is not without effect. Because of it certain things are done that otherwise would not be done, certain things not done which otherwise would have been done. In the matter of oil, competition started that otherwise would not have raised its head, and in time this began to count. In 1911, when dissolved, the Standard Oil Company controlled probably eighty percent of the business; today they are down to probably forty percent though they are stronger than that sounds by reason of their "allies"—big, so-called independents, who know on which side their bread is buttered and who carefully keep that side up.

They kept their power, but from time to time interested observers have thought that they saw within the great organization restive signs—certain subsidiaries showing a disposition to take things into their own hands. There has been gossip of internal troubles, but the touchstone of their power always answered when applied—a central power still made the price of oil—the subsidiaries still uniformly followed it. So long as the offspring of 26 Broadway recognized that the good of all and the power of all lay in following the price set at the centre, the Standard Oil Company was not dissolved in reality, whatever the paper said.

But something has happened in recent days. That central, essential source of power, the uniformity of price, has been invaded. The Standard Oil Company appears to be dividing in a way which to those who have watched the course of this extraordinary concern from its rise, is almost unbelievable.

The cleavage has come between the two most important geographical groups—the Eastern group, composed of the Standard Oil Companies of New Jersey and New York, with certain southwestern subsidiaries; and the Midwestern group, the most powerful units of which are the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the Prairie Oil and Gas Company. And it has come because, temporarily, these groups found their individual interests conflicting in the matter of price.

Group No. 1, that of the East, is no great producer of oil; it buys most of its crude. Its principal business is refining and marketing, here and abroad. Cheap crude is an advantage to it; therefore when California broke out a few months ago, it took this oil because it was cheap and ordered its subsidiaries in the Southwest to cut the price for the oil of that territory to a basis that would compete with the California product. And here came the conflict.

Group No. 2, that of the Midwest, although a great refiner is also a great producer of oil. Moreover, it is in alliance with one of the most spectacular of oil plungers, Sinclair, through which it finds itself with some 40,000,000 barrels of high priced crude oil in storage. More than that, because of this alliance, it is necessary to protect the credit of the Sinclair company, which has out $50,000,000 in three year notes, against which this storage oil is an asset. It is easy to see that, under the circumstances, the Midwest and Sinclair groups looked at any fall in the price of crude oil as a serious matter for them. Therefore when the Eastern group began to cut prices in the Souhwest, they "pegged" them, as the trade phrase goes, that is, refused to follow. It was contrary to their interests.

In the old days, such a situation as this would have been promptly and silently adjusted at 26 Broadway, on the principal of the greatest good to the greatest number. What would have been considered was whether more money would come to the whole group by dropping prices of crude or by sustaining them—and that policy would have been followed by all units irrespective of their individual interests.

But it is different now. The scrap of paper with the seal of the United States on it upholds any subsidiary of the great concern which does not agree with the parent authority. The sons are growing as strong as, or stronger than their father; the law allows them to act on their own, and they are doing it. They have done it in this matter of crude oil prices and they are doing it equally in gasoline prices.

On August 7 of this year the Governor of South Dakota announced for the state that he considered

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gasoline too high. It was then 26.6 cents per gallon. He proposed to sell it hereafter at 16 cents per gallon, and he did bring this about for a short period.

Now South Dakota is in the recognized territory of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. It met the Governor's cut. It made it more than a local cut and dropped prices all through its territory, covering eleven midwestern and northwestern states. That is, the same Midwestern group which was holding up the price of crude oil made the most drastic slashing of gasoline prices ever known to the business.

But how about the Eastern group, which, because it was to its advantage, had dropped crude, indifferent to what it might do to its relatives of the West? Did it drop gasoline? Not perceptibly. It is being sold today, October 15, in New York City at 21 cents per gallon, while the Chicago price at this writing is 15.4 cents per gallon. Before the cleavage began the New York price was 23 cents and the Chicago price 22 cents, which was about the right difference under normal conditions.

It certainly looks very much as if the Standard Oil Company might be crumbling—crumbling within; as if something had happened to it which the great dissolution suit had not been able to bring about. The parent company making a price for oil and its strong young relative of the West refusing to follow is something that has not happened in forty years.

Another evidence of divided policy, even more amazing, appeared at a recent meeting of the directors of the American Petroleum Institute—an organization popularly supposed to represent the interests of the Standard,—a resolution, fathered by the president of the New Jersey company, requesting the government to *regulate the producing end of the petroleum industry,* leaving the refining and marketing divisions to remain as they stand in private hands. Such regulation, it appears, would serve the interests of the Eastern group, weak in crude oil supply, but not the interests of the Midwestern, as can be readily seen, and it was violently opposed by the latter. A public voicing of a fundamental difference in policy which certainly justifies the question: Is the Standard Oil Company crumbling within?

IDA M. TARBELL.

Henry Ford

"WHAT is the secret of Henry Ford?" people often ask, and expect an answer as complete and simple as if one lifted the mainspring out of a watch to show them how it worked. Of the many answers that have been given ("He's a mechanic," "He's a farmer," "He's a sort of economic John the Baptist,") no one can be true, and even taken all together they are far from the truth, for Henry Ford is the sum of a great number of contradictory things which by their nature cannot be added up. A portrait of that side of himself which Ford the successful manufacturer presents would be puzzling enough, for it would have to contrive to show him as at once brilliant, hard-headed, flexible, obstinate, fearless, ruthless, domineering. Such a view would be only a profile. Another side of him, the part of him which has said and done a great deal that is quite apart from his business, reveals unplumbable depths of idealism, suspicion, good will, simple-mindedness, foresight and credulity, imagination and utter lack of it. And these two views would represent only two profiles of what is, after all, a very three-dimensional personality. A psychological sculptor who tried to do Henry Ford in the round would soon find that however faithfully he caught his likeness from any number of particular angles, the whole head would somehow not resemble Henry Ford. Any art of portraiture that tried to fix his traits so immutably would have to resign before some process that would catch contradictions and swift change as accurately as a moving picture. Ford cannot be judged by what he has done, for what he has done in general he has often done the reverse of in particular, nor can he be judged by what he has said, for what he says may not correspond with what he thinks, and in the common acceptance of the word he does not think at all. From the distance of the factory or of the outbursts quoted in the newspapers Ford may seem comprehensible—even if the factory is complicated, and the outbursts bewildering. But when one has passed those public and visible outposts to find that the owner of the factory is a good deal like a small boy with a toy, and the author of the quotations very much like an old farmer sitting on a fence ready to pass pithy judgment on anything in the world—then Ford becomes a real puzzle. Then one learns that there is no "secret" of his character, but only clues to it.

One of the most helpful clues to any man's personality is his experience. Ford's narrow, but profound experience hangs over almost all that he does like a shadow. He moves forward, normally, in this shadow, and when he ventures out of it he is blinded. At times it seems impossible that so capable a man should have strayed so little beyond the boundaries of his own experience, that

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a man who has done so much to a big world should still manage to live in such a small one. The terms he has learned in his world are those in which he thinks of the world outside. As an example, his answer to some one who was asking him about religion that he "believed in it, but didn't work at it much," is highly characteristic. If his advocacy of $75,000 salaries for judges was startling, it was so only to people who didn't realize how much Ford had in mind the equal, or greater salaries he has been accustomed to pay to his own assistants. It was quite like him to say that "when a man dies, it means that a part has worn out." And there is nothing strange in his saying proudly, while giving a copy of the Jew Menace pamphlets to a friend: "This came out of our factory." Nor in the boast, by the man who told customers they could have their cars painted any color so long as it was black, that there was "no choice of anything" in his hospital—where the nurses punch time clocks just as the reporters used to on the Dearborn Independent. Nor at his dealings with the wrens and sparrows. He was fond of birds even before he became fond of metal. But he used metal to solve trouble among the birds. Wrens liked the boxes which Ford nailed for them on his cherry trees, but the sparrows kept driving them out. Sparrows prefer immovable nests; wrens, nests that sway in the wind. "So we mounted a number of wren boxes on strips of spring steel," says Ford. "The wrens liked the idea. The sparrows did not."

But most characteristic of all, as an illustration of how Ford may not grasp an idea until put into his own terms, is the story of the early days of the Dearborn Independent. Not long after he had bought it, Ford found out that, as is the way with newspapers, Brown was writing news articles, Jones was contributing editorials, and Smith humorous sketches. Ford went to the editor, and, with his own conveyors in the back of his mind, told him that each article should be treated as a unit, and as it moved across the editorial desk—like an ungarnished cylinder-block—Brown should attach the news to it, Jones screw on the opinion, and Smith insert the humor. The editor—also with the conveyors in the back of his mind, replied: "No, Mr. Ford, don't you see, the magazine is the unit, and not each article. As the magazine comes along, Brown's news article goes into it, then Jones's editorial, then Smith's piece of humor." Ford understood this, and went away satisfied.

But one must not imagine Ford as an inhuman machine, intent only on things mechanical. In his dealings with other people he is very human indeed, in the several senses of the word. He has put on no airs because he is powerful or fabulously wealthy. The country around Detroit is full of old acquaintances whom he has far outdistanced, but whom he loves to drop in on from time to time. There are still men in the plant who call him Henry, as does his chauffeur. Every once in a while he gives somebody an automobile, or rescues a stray pup, or at some county meeting mingles unassumingly with the farmers, who often do not recognize him. He is naturally democratic. After he bought the railroad, his first act was to scrap the official car. (And he used to have on his desk a large photograph of the Prince of Wales!) He doesn't care a rap for the automobile millionaire society of Detroit. Indeed, money has not gone to his head, for he lives simply, spends little on himself, has built an ugly but not terribly large house, and a check for several hundred thousand dollars once lay for weeks forgotten in his vest pocket. People hold it much against him that he has never given anything to charity, nor done any public service to Detroit except build a huge hospital which he runs to suit himself. "Whoever offers charity," Ford says, "offers insult," and believes that if every employer ran his business as it ought to be run, charity would be unnecessary. It is quite characteristic of him to vary between what his enemies label as downright stinginess and a sudden, impulsive, handout generosity. If charity does not appeal to him, individuals do, sometimes very successfully. This generosity is returned, for when the company seemed to be in difficulties in 1921, dozens of letters were received from owners of Ford cars all over the country offering to help him out, in amounts anywhere up to a hundred dollars.

Generosity and the reverse of it, openness and secretiveness, tolerance and prejudice characterize his relations with other people. It is quite like him to remark that so-and-so "is a good man, but he eats too much," and from Ford, who only eats when he is hungry, this is serious criticism. Neither does he smoke. So smoking is absolutely barred in the factory, and even in the office. Several of his best lieutenants could not give up the habit. "They'll smoke themselves," said Ford, and those men have left him long ago. They weren't fired, neither did they freely resign. Ford has his own way of smoking people out when their usefulness has expired. One of the heads of departments made a phenomenally rapid rise, announced that he would give courses in the methods of his department, and assumed a rather too distinct rôle within the company. Then be began to discover that gradually his functions and authority were being invisibly whittled away. When he could stand it no longer he said to Ford: "Am I the head of this department or am I not?" and was told: "No, you are not, and you haven't been for the last two years." He resigned. Another man who was driven to the same point stayed away from the office three days in disgust, then made an appoint-

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ment with Ford to talk things over. He turned up, but Ford never came. When told later how the other fellow had been kept waiting, Ford only laughed: "Ha ha! That's funny." When he is dissatisfied with one of his executives, the latter often doesn't know it, but sits secure in his office, while Ford prowls about among the men and the machines, entering over low window ledges, or as unobtrusively straddling them with his long legs on his way out.

He has a way of surprising strangers with outbursts of the most unexpected, frank friendliness. A young reporter who had talked with him a few times ventured to try for a scoop by asking Ford what his platform would be in the Michigan senatorial election. Ford hesitated a minute, then: "My platform? Why, I guess you know what it would be as well as I do. Go ahead and write my platform for me, young man, and I'll sign it. Say anything you want." The platform was written, with some care and more excitement, and duly sent to Henry Ford. But he didn't sign it, nor perhaps even saw it.

No regular business man would have said that. Nobody but Ford would have. And just as the regular business man has his routine, his office hours, his mail, his appointments, his golf, so Ford's day is something quite different, and quite his own. He will get up very early, and perhaps chop a tree, often not eating anything till the middle of the morning. Then climb into the little wire wheel Ford coupé, and drive like the mischief down to the River Rouge plant, or somewhere in his factories where something new is going on. He may go down to the river to see Edsel's new power boat, and perhaps avoid the office altogether all day long, though people may be waiting there to see him. If it is summer, we may find him giving orders not to cut the crop on the farm until some fledglings he has seen in nests on the ground have grown strong enough to fly; if winter, he may be skating, with great skill and energy, or taking a walk, and jumping all the fences. If indoors, he will kick as high as the chandelier to show friends he still can do it, or cook for them a meal of synthetic foods in his laboratory, or turn on one of his vast collection of mechanical musical instruments, or even sit down to the automatic organ, which he likes to play with all the stops pulled out. He doesn't like to read, and still "wouldn't give five cents for art." Work is amusement for him. Perhaps he has never known what work is, in the ordinary sense. He can never grow weary of watching things happen, wheels go around, and he is as engrossed in all his vast network of machinery as if it were a toy, and he himself young enough to worry about nothing else. And while he enjoys it, he takes awfully good care that the toy stays well oiled, and makes more and more money every year.

But Henry Ford—in the advertising phrase—"must be seen to be appreciated." Face to face, new traits appear, and traits already familiar are underlined, even if the "secret" remains unsolved.

I became one of the two hundred people who arrive daily in Detroit to see Henry Ford, usually on a something-for-nothing errand, or in furtherance of some cause which seems to them good and which they think Ford would like too. Since my errand was publicity, I had no trouble in getting an interview, to which, be it said to his credit, he was only forty minutes late.

He came into the office almost surreptitiously, and before I knew it we had shaken hands, and Ford was tilting back in a chair in the corner, with his feet on the radiator. He seemed absent-minded, and as I launched a series of questions he kept looking out of the window. Perhaps he had heard people say that in his factory there was no skill left, but that the men underwent a deadening, repetitive grind of work? "There's nothing to it. If the men don't like their particular job, they can ask to be transferred. We shift men from job to job all the time." I tried to make him argue the point, whether the deadly monotony of labor necessary to efficient production wouldn't, in the long run, be an extremely bad thing for a society which he, notably, was anxious to improve. It was a point he would not, or could not meet. He didn't want to argue, his first answer was clear, and he returned to it. The question stuck fast on the reef of his mind, where it was followed by all the others. Doubts as to the durability of the V-shape eight-cylinder motor he dismissed in a few words. "There's nothing to it." He was still looking out of the window, and every now and then rubbed his face with both hands, a nervous gesture of weariness and indifference. We drifted onto the war, which brought from him a wonderfully complete, rapid and rather violent explanation of the whole business in two sentences, laying it all on the "international bankers" and the "diplomatists." "Europe had too many diplomatists. That's all there was to it." So much for the war. The Jews? An equally final and sweeping judgment. "The Jews are the scavengers of the world. They are necessary where there's something to be cleaned up. Wherever there's anything wrong with a country, you'll find the Jews on the job there." This statement quite satisfied him, and he could not be induced to add to it. Try the Negroes. How shall we settle the Negro problem? "We have several thousand in our plant, and no trouble. Whenever there's trouble, it's to somebody's advantage. There's always somebody making money out of it." Wherever I turned, I met this sudden, baffling tendency to pass complete and instantaneous judgment in a brief phrase. If Henry Ford's mind is an oyster, I failed utterly to open it, and I incline to believe that it is not so much an oyster

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as a stone. When an old farmer on a fence talks so dogmatically, one is not surprised, and one knows no harm will come of it. In Henry Ford, so attractively like the farmer in his unassuming simplicity, his directness, his plain American speech, this hardness of mind is peculiarly sinister, and when one remembers his vast power to put his beliefs into effect, it inspires something like fear.

It is almost the only thing about him that, when one sees him, inspires fear. His low, matter of fact voice, accurate and positive, his unaffected bearing, his almost graceful figure, his freedom from all the deadly marks of greatness, make one feel he could never do harm to anybody, and maybe a great deal of good. The face is more difficult to read. It is several faces all at once—ascetic, gentle, shrewd, humorous, sensitive, obstinate, delicate, invulnerable and unprotected, melancholy and serene, old and young, the face of a hard-headed Yankee horse-swapper, of a boy, of a minor saint. In it can be read by turns eagerness and age-old indifference, child-like content and profound restlessness.

The restlessness, the nervous rubbing of his face, the gazing out of the window continued as long as we were on general topics. So did the pat elusive answers to all questions. Sometimes they verged on epigram, sometimes they were condensations of prejudice. We were speaking of D—, a man who had once been associated with him, had quit in a huff, and later had criticized him publicly. "The trouble with D—," Ford burst out, "was that he wanted to get rich too quick and couldn't stop smoking." The war was mentioned again. "The Germans," said Ford, "would have been better off if they had had eyes like the woodcock. The woodcock has eyes so near the back of his head that he can see behind. Did you ever see a young woodcock?" Ford is no longer bored, and he turns away from the window. He starts to describe the young woodcock, and asks if there are any pictures of the bird in the office. In a few minutes a book is brought in. Not the right book.

Somehow Ford has disappeared. Later his alert head is seen through the glass door of the next office, examining some sort of gun. When the biggest and best bird book arrives, he is gone. By gradual degrees he has slipped away, for good.

Ford slips away. "You can't pin him down," people who know him often say. You go to see him, maybe he does not meet the appointment—maybe he does, and in the end gets away from you. The very definiteness of his brief statements is an evasion. He hates to be tied down. Nobody has any strings on him. He has bought railroads, forests, factories, coal and iron mines because he hates not to be free. He gets rid of men when they threaten to invade his own power or his own mind. He resists compromise with things or men, and he is right, for his power lies in keeping his mind to himself. A president is powerful only by making other men share their minds with his, which means giving large pieces of his mind to theirs, and abandoning much purpose for the sake of a little result. This is absolutely contrary to Henry Ford's nature. He has always had his way, and he knows no other way but his to get things done. He is aware of this, and at one time he realized what troubles would meet him in the White House, where he would not be boss, but a political chief who could accomplish things only by endless talk and compromise with other men. It was then that he said he "wouldn't walk across the street" for the Presidency. Nearer to his present feelings is the later statement to a friend as they were walking by the White House: "That's where I'll be some day." When asked about it publicly, his eyes twinkle, but that's all. Undoubtedly he wants to be President, against his own better judgment, and that of those nearest him, who say "If you're a friend of Henry Ford, don't work for him," but quite according to the desires of his assistants. At one time they formed a group of hard-headed, capable, fearless men whose independence finally caused them to leave him. The men now around him are of distinctly inferior calibre, but perhaps just as useful and efficient wheels in the Ford system. They know how to keep well within his favor, and how to influence him at the same time; they understand what he wants done, and carry it through mercilessly, without question; they do not let him forget that he is one of the greatest men in the world. The former pioneer atmosphere of the Ford personnel is gone, and the give and take among self-made men who were opening up a new country together has been replaced by something much more like the court of an oriental monarch in its combination of sycophancy and ruthlessness. Perhaps these men know what possibilities of terrible disaster to Ford as President he has within himself, but since the reflected glory they would reap is immeasurable, they help to suppress his doubts, they fan his desire to be a candidate, and it is from their midst that are pulled the skilful and invisible wires which are helping to spread the Ford boom.

If ever a man needed good advice, it was the Henry Ford of the Peace Ship, of the Jew Menace, of Presidential ambitions. If ever a man existed for whom the advice of others was destructive of his own brilliant intuitions, it was the Henry Ford who made the car that most of America rides in. There seldom has been a man at once so capable and incompetent, so shrewd and so credulous, so admirably self-sufficient and so appallingly isolated. One would like to be able to split him, and use the capable and far seeing half. Unfortunately the bad in him is the inseparable complement of the good, and useful to it, and we must take him as he is, one and indivisible, a hard-boiled idealist.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Rediscovery of Paganism

IT is a pleasant, and to me novel, experience to find myself made welcome in Bond Street. It never happened before this summer; but it is never too late to learn what it must feel like to be Mr. Berenson. The reason why I am kindly received is that, like all reputable critics, I have for years been urging the rich to buy pictures by the French impressionists. The rich—the English rich I mean, who in matters of art are always some thirty years behind the times—at last give signs of making a start; and the dealers to meet the anticipated demand have laid in a stock of Renoirs, Manets, Monets, Sisleys, Degas and even Cézannes: naturally they hope that the reputable critics, of whom I am one, will continue to urge.

As a matter of fact, now that they are off, the rich will not need much urging I fancy; for not since the end of the eighteenth century have they had such a chance of buying what they know to be right and at the same time like genuinely. Not since Fragonard have the taste of the beau monde and good painting made so happy a match. Indeed to me the odd thing is that the match was not made years ago; and I can explain it only by supposing that till lately the great still went in too much fear of middle-class earnestness to revel frankly in that paganism, which they recognize in impressionist painting, and which is, I believe, the quality that draws them most strongly to it. It is a genuine and delicious quality and they appreciate it genuinely. Ordinary cultivated people rarely enjoy wholeheartedly aesthetic qualities pure; they would never care much for Mantegna, Raffael, and Ingres were it not their duty to; but, mixed with other more appetizing qualities, fine form and color are by no means distasteful to them, and the impressionists offer color and form of the loveliest, saturated in the sweet, delicious wine of newly tapped paganism.

The cultivated rich seem at last to have discovered in the impressionists what the impressionists themselves rediscovered half by accident. They rediscovered paganism—real paganism I mean—something real enough to be the inspiration and content of supreme works of art. Paganism, I take it, is the acceptance of life as something good and satisfying in itself. To enjoy life the pagan need not make himself believe that it is a means to something else—to a better life in another world for instance, or a juster organization of society, or complete self-development: he does not regard it as a brief span or portion in which to do something for his own soul, or for his fellow creatures, or for the future. He takes the world as it is and enjoys to the utmost what he finds in it: also, he is no disconsolate archaeologist spending his own age thinking how much more happily he could have lived in another and what a pagan he would have been on the banks of the Ilissus. No, paganism does not consist in a proper respect for the pagan past, but in a passionate enjoyment of the present; and Poussin, though he painted bacchanals galore, would have been quite out of place in the world of Theocritus. Your true pagan neither regrets nor idealizes: and while Swinburne was yearning nostalgicly for "the breasts of the nymph in the brake," Renoir was finding inspiration for a glorious work of art in the petticoats of the shopgirls at the Moulin de la Galette.

I am talking about art and artists, mind you. There have always been plenty of people to delight in shopgirls' legs; but only an artist can get far enough away from, without losing hold of, this agreeable theme to transmute it into a thing of beauty. The common man when he tries to handle it is merely prurient or pornographic. In Renoir's pictures or Manet's there is no taint of anecdote or reminiscence, nothing of Félicien Rops or Van Dongen. They make you feel surely enough that the scene—be it dance or picnic, promenade or bar—is joyous, that "the atmosphere" is delightful; but both are far too much artists to hint at any particular feeling of their own for the model, considered not as a form but as a particular human being, or, worse still, to invite you to share it. All they have to express comes in to them through form and color, and through form and color goes out. If you want to mark for yourself the difference between the feeling of an artist for the gaiety and romance of Montmartre in the latter part of the last century and that of some one who was not, you need only turn first to a picture by Renoir (e. g. Le Moulin de la Galette) and then to Mr. George Moore's reminiscences (e. g. The End of Marie Pellegrin). The artist never brags and chatters; he creates: whereas all that Mr. Moore can do is to insinuate what a devil of a fellow he was, calida juventu, consule Felice.

I said that the impressionists rediscovered paganism half by accident. They came at it through, of all things in the world, a doctrine—the plein-airiste doctrine. One hardly realizes how contrary to all the rules it was—I don't say it never was done—for a painter, before the impressionists, to take his canvas out of doors and there complete his picture. Corot himself never made more than sketches sur le motif, and I think the same is true of Constable and Courbet. Daumier, to be sure, went into the street; but to seek, not its beauty and movement, but its tragic significance: if any precursor of impressionist paganism there be assuredly he is not Daumier. Still less is he that occasionally admirable painter Monticelli, who had no sense of actuality at all; but

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perhaps there is something to be said for the claims of Constantin Guys. The impressionists at any rate, in search of le motif, took their easels out with them; took them into the streets and public gardens, into the country, into railway stations, down the river; and in the motif itself had to find an inspiration to fill their canvas to the brim. For another impressionist doctrine—dogma one might almost say—which made for the rediscovery of paganism was what contemporaries of Claude Monet were pleased to call the doctrine of scientific representation. Claude Monet insisted that the artist should paint only what he saw; he was to put nothing into his picture but what was visible in the object. Now at a picnic or a café-chantant an artist cannot really see nobility or pathos or "the light that never was," he can only "think them in." But the impressionists were forbidden to think anything in, so they had to peer hard into picnics and cafés-chantants to find some purely visual quality that would suffice to fill a work of art. They found beauty; and, bettering their instructions, added a lyrical quality—their delight in beauty. They stared and stared again at contemporary life, and the more they looked at it the more they liked it.

The consequences of these plein-airistes and pseudo-scientific theories was that the impressionists gave a vision of life at one remove—transformed by a temperament that is to say—instead of giving it at two as the artist must who works from studies and adds sentiments in a carefully arranged north light. Compare any picnic or garden scene by Renoir with some picture of a fête by Watteau and you will see in a moment what I am driving at. The impressionist painter is so much closer to reality—not in representation of course but in sentiment—that by comparison Watteau seems almost to be giving us the picture of a picnic on the stage. I am not suggesting that there is any superiority in the impressionist method,—I do not think there is: but I am suggesting that it led directly to the rediscovery of paganism. The impressionist painters had to extract all the beauty and significance they required from their surroundings: they could depend neither on the intellectual additions and transformations nor on the traditional technical enrichments of the studio; nor were they permitted to eke out an artistic living by drawing on the dignity or picturesqueness of their theme. History and exoticism were taboo. In contemporary life they had to find all that they required, and contemporary life was lavish beyond their needs; so naturally they fell in love with it, and made the most exquisitely civilized of their generation and ours share their emotion.

When I say that the impressionists fell in love with their surroundings I use the expression advisedly. At their best the impressionists are as lyrical as Fra Angelico himself:

> The world is so full of such wonderful things
> I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

And you must remember that the wonderful things of which the world was so full had for years been considered inappropriate, if not inimical, to art. Turner, to be sure, had painted a Great Western express rushing over the Thames at Maidenhead in a rain-storm; but there is no question here of accepting contemporary life, the work being—as its title confesses—a poem in praise of rain, speed and steam rather than the picture of a locomotive crossing a railway-bridge. Generally speaking, it is true to say that the implements and fashions of the nineteenth century had been assumed to be without artistic significance. They were uninspiring: they had no secret for the poet's ear: they were ugly—Ruskin said so. Turn to back numbers of Punch and you will find "our artist" protesting in horror against the railway-trains, iron bridges, factory-chimneys and steam-boats to which "the manufacturer" would draw his attention: for all I know the sort of artist in whom Mr. Punch believes protests to this day, and for all I care.

Be that as it may, in the middle of last century it was certainly held that stage-coaches, sailing-ships, classical antiquity, and mediaeval costumes were beautiful, and that contemporary apparel and means of locomotion were not. Now when the ordinary objects of every day life are held to be insignificant and incapable of provoking emotion, you may have a great austere classical art, or a literary and romantic, but pagan art you cannot have. It was the impressionists who gave us that by discovering the beauty of their surroundings, snapping their fingers at Monsieur Ingres, ignoring Ruskin, and overlooking Jehovah.

The impressionist painter was in love with his world. He was in love with the absurd little horse-cab that took him to the Gare St. Lazare, with its yellow body and its driver's shiny white hat. He was in love with the streets and the passers-by and the garish shop-windows and the architecture of the boulevards even. He was in love with the station when he got there, with the book-stalls and the piles of luggage and the tall carriages and the puffing locomotives. He was in love with the cuttings and embankments and bridges, and the ridiculous little villas seen from the window, with their palisades and vegetable-plots. "Mon dieu, Mon dieu, la vie est là," burst out the most enchanting, though most penitent, of their poets. And their pagan lyricism was not for the landscape only. You can follow them into the little banal gargote, and delight in tumblers of red wine half-filled and broken bread and meats and fruit-parings and matchboxes on a white cloth. You can linger over the loveliness of blue cigarette-smoke, of the ladies' funny little frocks, and the

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sombre would-be correctness of the bearded gentlemen. You can clap your hands in ecstasy (à bas Ruskin) as a steam tug passes under the bridge, and a railway-train potters over it. The world is so full of such wonderful things: the world is lovely: life is delicious.

This is paganism: and this joy in the beauty of what the orthodox considered ugly came to the impressionist painters, I think, largely because they took their canvases out of doors in the laudable determination to paint only what they saw and to find in that an adequate inspiration. They refused to find in what philosophers call "external reality" a means or a symbol; they loved it for itself and were rewarded with a copious gift of the very stuff of art. This unpretentious, and unpremeditated, paganism is, unless I mistake, what has endeared and still endears them to so many sensitive people who, as a rule, care little for painting. But what makes so many of their pictures masterpieces is, of course, the individual genius of each painter for creating an appropriate form, a combination of lines and colors, in which to envelop and externalize his emotion. May I add, by way of foot-note, that, though we, amateurs, are at present thoroughly in the mood to delight in the paganism of the impressionists, the best of our painters are not; or, at any rate, are themselves anything but pagan, being pensive rather and disposed to abstract construction along traditional lines. The severely aesthetic qualities of the great impressionists—their color and drawing—are what they admire, when they admire them at all. Though our "surroundings"—clothes, vehicles, buildings, utensils, etc.—are considerably different from those of the seventies and eighties, Henri Matisse alone of contemporary artists has, I think, done for them what the impressionists did for theirs. He, and perhaps Bonnard, (sometimes called the last impressionist), are today our only pagans; they are as great as any of their contemporaries, but they are not representative of the contemporary movement.

CLIVE BELL.

County Fair

THE roads are lined with posters.

A ram with crinkled horns. A Poland China pig or two, sleek, well-fed, in the full glory of young manhood. Jockeys lashing with their whips at wild-eyed horses. Corn bursting from its yellow husks. Stallions pawing the ground with bushy feet. Red pyramids of Baldwin apples.

There is a wire fence that runs around the wide enclosure. Ford cars line it on four sides, headlights up against the wire like June-bugs on a window-screen. The whole county has turned out in force. Barnesville, Preston, Webster City; Clinton, Liberty, Four Corners. Eleven thousand people in the park at one o'clock. Eleven thousand Sunday hats. Eleven thousand targets for the tintype men.

One o'clock: an hour left before the races. Time enough to make the rounds of each time-honored Hall. The low one on the left is "Poultry Hall;" doors open at both ends—one shrill ear-splitting cackle to the timbers of its roof. Three tiers of wooden cages. One aisle for the chickens; the other for the ducks and geese. Blue tags mark the Black Minorcas that carried off first prize. A Leghorn and a Bantam dare each other through the bars. Somewhere in a corner a Plymouth Rock has laid an egg and little cares who knows it.

On the right, "Mechanics Hall." There was a time when that great cavern could boast no treasure more exciting than a plow. Now the salesmen from the cities pack it with the triumphs of the Gas-Electric Age. The same energy that splits the heavens on a summer evening picks up shavings from the floor. A maid in city linen demonstrates the newest thing in sweepers, guiding her small motor in slow circles as it gobbles up its meal. The air resounds with brass bands and oratorios: there is a radio across the aisle. One nickelplated tub is washing dishes while its brother whirls a churn. Why haul water to the kitchen? Use an automatic pump. Why hitch horses to a seeder? Let a tractor do the work. Listen to the frogs all evening? Tune in, neighbor, with the world.

"Arts, Sciences and Needlework," next door. The creative enterprise of farm and fireside, boxed in neat glass cases or hung upon the wall. Crochet Rugs and Ornamental Lampshades. Auto Scarfs and Nightingales. Sport Hat (Lady), Sport Hat (Gent). Whisk Broom Holder, Guest Towel; Napkin Case and Dish Mat.

China, farther down the aisle—hand-tinted, top and bottom. Celery Tray and Gravy Pitcher, Jelly Dish and Nut Bowl. There are prizes for the finest cooking: cakes with red mosquito netting to protect them from the flies—seven layers and "1923" in chocolate frosting on a white vanilla top. Prizes, too, for water color: still life, full length figure, marine scene on some distant, troubled sea. Prizes for Wax Boutonnières and Oldest Bible, Basket Work and Fossils, Best Display of Foreign Relics. No telling who will win in basket work or bibles. But foreign relics? Try to carry off the prize from Captain Matthew

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Tuckerman! For years his treasures have brought home the ribbon: a cartridge-shell from Waterloo, a copy of the Paris Temps, a lump of lava from Mt. Etna.

There are echoes in the lofty Hall. It is hard to concentrate on needlework and cake. Somewhere out of doors a bell is ringing. The crowd starts moving toward the track. Judges' stand is ready for the races. First heat of the 2:20 trot.

An old story for the horses, these swift flights around a dusty bowl. There are six of them to face the starter. And since early May all six have raced each other on a hundred tracks. The same horse wins, four times in five. The same horse comes in last. But the crowd today is not aware of that. And though it has never seen these animals before, nor ever will again, and has not wagered so much as twenty cents upon the outcome, it will choose its favorites by length of tail or color of a driver's cap, and cheer for them as lustily as though they carried Paul Revere.

All afternoon the racing lasts. But later, when the band has played El Capitan on the third round of its repertoire, and the first heats of the races have been run, a half hour's intermission brings the jugglers to the scene. Part of the crowd will seize this happy moment to depart in search of pop. But enough remain to cheer the Japanese with mighty legs who perform upon an elevated platform. Flat on their backs, legs threshing the warm air like flails, they toss each other everything in reach not hammered to the floor.

The track resounds with cheering. Ben Hur, son of Wood Nymph, courses home to victory in the Free-for-All. More pop is sprinkled on a desert of dry throats. The gas balloon scheduled for a two o'clock ascension gets off suddenly at four. All afternoon it has been whipping lazily around its tether; now, with a sudden tug and single puff of warning, it shoots five hundred feet before the crowd has time to turn. "*Where,* papa? Show me!" comes an agonizing wail.

Meantime, back behind the grandstand where the maples throw a welcome shade, an overflow less interested in balloons and racing, strolls along The Gay White Way.

Salesmen hawking penny whistles, popcorn, ice cream taffy, crackerjack; a lively group in front of every decorated counter. A merry-go-round that creaks on aged hinges as it whirls—piping, like an old fiddler lost in reverie, the half-forgotten tunes of yesteryear. Shouting children ride its dappled ponies. To the varnished back of a yellow lion two maidens well past forty cling, and shriek as they fly by.

There is a fortune-teller in a gypsy tent; outside, flapping on an oilcloth banner, a monstrous weather-beaten palm. No trafficking with pessimism here. A crisis coming, to be sure; obstacles to be overcome; but the future stretches like a roadway to the moon. A long trip abroad. An unexpected fortune. A young maiden with dark hair? No, *light,* it seems to me. She loves you. Never fear.

Contests in strength and sleight of hand. One gallery invites the marksman to try his skill at tossing rings—another tempts him with the rifle. There are prizes for the winner: bon-bons, vases, kewpie dolls, and glass balls with butterflies inside. Before a tall scale marked with numbers, two farm lads in shirt-sleeves are swinging heavy mallets. One drives a weight high up among the tree-tops, to ring an iron bell. "Seven!" The other whacks away. They are puffing like two porpoises. All in the day's play.

Five cents to swing a mallet. Five cents to ring a cane. But where The White Way ends behind the stables are pleasures rarer and more costly. There the Side Show spreads its posters. Pilot, Educated Horse, who counts to nine and picks out colors faster than his master. Tosco, wild man from Darkest Africa, in chains from one till six, but tractable enough when he is helping Seafoam, human fish, fry bacon for an evening meal. May and Emma, billed on posters as Dancers from the Khedive's Palace: chastely dressed, for all their oriental palpitations; often wishing they were home.

"Never before, and never again—this is the chance of a lifetime!" While the drums beat inside the tent a genial barker out in front cajoles the crowd. "This way—this way! Don't falter, brothers. [Boom—boom—boom, inside the tent.] Come and see those oriental dancers! Nothing like 'em west of Asia. Watch 'em shiver. Watch 'em shake. [Boom—boom—boom, boom, boom.] See the wild man straight from Africa. Wild man—wild man—straight from Africa. Watch him quiver. Watch him quake. [Boom—boom—boom, boom, boom.] This way—this way—buy your tickets, buy your tickets, buy your tickets. Twenty cents to see the wild man. Twenty cents to see the dancers. Twenty cents, the fifth part of a dollar. Twenty cents, two silver dimes."

Half-persuaded but still shy, the crowd edges closer to the flapping canvas. The bass drum pounds at double speed; the sleigh-bells of the dancers clink behind the screen. One ticket sold. Two tickets. Then the deluge. Through the lattice window spurts a stream of dimes.

"This way—this way! That's it, fellows. Don't push—take it easy. Lots of time."

Young blood surges through the gateway. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

. . . . . .

Sundown, and the bass drum in the Khedive's Palace booms no more. Silence on The Gay White Way. Silence, too, in Poultry Hall: forerunner to a raucous dawn.

Here and there, in the enclosure, is a picnic party rounding out the day. Deviled eggs and lettuce sandwich, fried chicken, pumpkin pie.

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Cousin Bess has brought a jar of peach preserves to grace the table. Cousin Willie, seven, thinks forlornly of pop and peanuts; and dimly wishes he could die.

Not quite deserted, even after sundown. But certainly a lonely scene. Nothing like the old days. The whole county used to visit, then; those who didn't stay for picnics loitered on the way. Now, the minute racing ends, there is a rush to crank the Ford and lead the long procession home.

Who wants to "visit," nowadays? Ten years ago, when a trip across the county was an all day's trot, the Fair brought farms together once a year. Now the same thing happens on a gallon of benzine.

Gay enough, at two o'clock. Just about deserted, after five. Motor cars have changed the tempo. Not much gathering of clansmen at the Fair, today. The clansmen gather when and where they choose.

Jubilee, ten years ago. Coney Island now.

Still the roads are lined with posters. County Fair.

CHARLES MERZ.

Duse

I.

La Donna dal Mare, by Henrik Ibsen, Metropolitan Opera House, October 29, 1923.

WHAT strikes me most about Duse's Lady from the Sea is the way in which she adds idea to the play. Ibsen set forth a story of a woman now married to a doctor but once promised to a man who came to her from the sea. The longing of her days when she lived in her father's lighthouse, returns to her after the death of the child whose eyes had been the eyes of the first lover; and Ellida, haunted by all these and feeling some great power drawing her away, refuses to live with Wangel as his wife and dreams of going away. All this happens in the midst of the little affairs of daughters and lovers; and much of it is dependent on coincidents which in the midst of the realistic, scientific elements of the play, seem highly improbable and dragged in. In the end the stranger comes to keep his vow and take Ellida away; her husband at last gives her perfect freedom to choose, and, with the responsibility and the complete freedom, she chooses, sends the man away, and comes to Wangel at last, with a full and happy love for him. We have here turns of psychology, biology, romance, poetry and homely comedy, beginning rather stalely, running into a region with no little dream and fascination to it, and winding up in a poor muddle of pseudo-scientific and moralistic explanations, manias, obsessions, freedom of choice, responsibility and the like, out-dated now, and always rendered without imagination or unifying power.

What Duse does is something that she has done before with many other pieces in the theatre. She enlarges the meaning and quality of the play until it goes beyond anything the author had imagined for it, and beyond what he could have imagined.

When Ibsen's Ellida comes on the scene, with her restlessness, her hunger for the sea, her sense of the stranger's power drawing her, we get some touch of mystery no doubt but also a strong suggestion of explanation; obviously the woman is neurotic, suffering from an obsession. When Duse's Ellida comes on the scene what we get is poetic idea, a thing free and eternal in our minds, caught there like a light in the momentary shell of a human body. The woman is neurotic if you like, sick, obsessed with a state of mind, just as she is Wangel's wife, speaks with a voice, in the words of a language. But that has little to do with the point, which consists in the wonder of this thing felt, the singleness and purity of this mood, this dream of freedom, this infinity that affrights and allures. The woman before us is only the vessel for this. It is this that is permanent and beautiful and that drives forever toward the immortal; that is both poetic and—and here with Duse is found the right place for the science—biological. The truth that Duse discovers has the oneness of life at its depths and heights, which art only at its best moments can achieve.

As Duse progresses with the play she comes, passing the little sterilities of the daughters, the young man with the flat chest, and the various remarks and observations on living, to the final idea. The Stranger reappears, Ellida is free to choose. What Duse creates then concerns love and freedom. A complete and limitless love, she tells us, is as vast as the sea and as infinite, and is itself the ultimate human freedom. The body of Wangel stands between her and the body of the Stranger who has come to take her away; the love defeats the power that has haunted and destroyed her soul. And because this love is boundless and wild and inexhaustible, it even more than the sea allures and affrights her and feeds and consumes her life. This love even more than the sea, can become her mystery.

With that conception and illumination that Duse brings to the theme of Ibsen's drama, the whole is lifted into poetry. She has done to it what would have happened at the hands of a great poet. She has thrown light upon it, dilated it, discovered in it what is most significant and essential, and given to that an existence of its own. She has discovered for it a right relation of the concrete to the ideal, of the phenomenon, the accident, to the permanent, the essential. And she has created for this idea a form that is inseparable from it.

After that has happened with Duse, the conclusion of Ibsen's play, with its little solutions and resolutions, and bringing in the children, and helpful suggestions to restless, sick spirits, seems to limp itself out to the last speech, stolidly and without inspiration, like a dry assistant in a laboratory trying to explain the nostalgia of the hills out of his notes on nerves and entrails and the habits of white mice, or some stubborn Northern provincial conscience trying to preach and endorse and appropriate to itself some action whose sheer rightness and happy truth have already brought it about.

Take, for an instance, the first act in The Lady from the Sea. Ibsen has written it, so far as the portrayal of Ellida goes, with much success. Ellida comes in from her daily plunge in the sea, she finds the flag out and garlands, she meets the tutor of the children, an old suitor of hers, she discovers that the celebration is for the first wife, she receives the mistaken young man's birthday offering of flowers, she falls lightly and charmingly into the situation and puts good sense into what might be an awkward strain. You must watch Duse through a scene like that and then, when it is over, review and sum up what she has accomplished, if you would realize her quality. There are many actresses who can express this emotion or that, or this and that reaction, can create this or that phase of the

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dramatic moment, can move and convince us with the human life they exhibit and enact. But the great artist appears—over and above the mere actress—in the general sum of the scene, in the emphasis of the parts, the relation of all of it to life, in short the gradation that will express what is to be its final truth at the artist's hands. To this first act of The Lady from the Sea Duse, when she has finished it, gives something so right that the full content of it may not appear to us for days. Then we may see how on Ibsen's scene and the idea that she had filled it with, how on the whole and each part, Duse has exercised her imagination and culture and wise humanity and beautiful grace of spirit.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Watson on Jung—Jung on Watson

SIR: I hate to say it, but the almost vicious attack of Dr. Watson on Jung and Jung's Psychological Types, is, from the analytic standpoint, a sort of vindication of Jung's theories.

Jung divides us all into introverts and extraverts; and makes a further subdivision according to the function accented by the individual. Thus we have thinking, feeling, intuitive and sensation types, and they are either introverted or extraverted.

Dr. Watson doesn't see anything in such a classification; yet, after all, if we look about us at the people we know, it isn't very difficult to see the differences when once we have the clue to their discovery. Could John Dewey be anything but a thinking type, Theda Bara anything but a sensational, Helen Keller anything but an intuitive and Mrs. Harding anything but a feeling type? Will Dr. Watson kindly attempt to be self-conscious for enough minutes (it is hard for his type to be really and fully self-conscious) to learn that his main reaction to life is through thinking, whereas a Helen Keller may appear really to think, but actually leaps at her conclusions intuitively, in spite of the fact that Dr. Watson appears to think that intuition belongs to mediaeval psychology?

Well, Dr. Watson, if it is so that you think, therefore you are; it is equally true that Dr. Jung, as any one who knows him will gladly affirm, also thinks; that both of you are thinking types. But alas, the abyss that opens between you is only too evident in the virulence of your review, and in such epithets as mediaeval, magician, mystic, psychology for church doctrinaires, etc. You take it for granted that Dr. Jung dismisses your behavioristic psychology just as you dismiss his analytical psychology. You feel, in short, that you and he are a pair of opposites.

And whence comes this abysmal opposition? Well, one obvious reason, to one who had studied Jung's theory of the types, is that Dr. Watson is an extraverted thinker and Dr. Jung is an introverted thinker. There is not the space here to give the splendid summaries which Dr. Jung has made of these two types. Suffice it to say that the extraverted thinker is orientated toward objective conditions and the introverted toward subjective. A Darwin for instance is mainly intent on the objectively given facts; a Kant on the subjectively found ideas. If Dr. Watson is of the Darwin type, is it not natural that he should evolve a behavioristic psychology?

In his hatred of subjective factors, vaguely labeled "mystical," in his love of the concrete, in his adoration of the confusing and multiple world of external phenonema so that he can wind up by thinking that there are as many types as there are individuals, Dr. Watson shows himself to be an extreme extravert; and in the obvious bias toward thinking, plus an abundant lack of intuition, he shows himself to be a hard-headed thinking type. He therefore demonstrates a theory which he thinks he is destroying, and when he says, "It is difficult for the reviewer, possibly blinded by his 'type,' to see Jung's justification for such a classification," he is merely stating the obvious fact, namely, that he is blinded by his type, and probably will be for some time to come.

Let me add, to avoid misunderstanding, that when I say that Jung is an introverted thinker, I mean that that is his type. Dr. Watson gives a false impression when he says that according to Jung, the individual can no more change his type than the leopard his skin. The whole book shows how one can develop the so-called inferior functions, thus greatly enriching the individuality, and making deep-seated changes. Dr. Jung himself is an excellent example of an introvert who has developed the extraverted side. It is as much for this reason, as any other, that he is able to evolve a theory of types which does as much justice to extraversion as to introversion, and which is, for this reason, much juster to Dr. Watson and his psychology than Dr. Watson is to Jung.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

New York City.

A Protest from Mr. Sinclair

SIR: Mr. Henry W. Cowper discusses academic freedom in America, and expresses some surprise that the London Nation should have been so naïve as to swallow The Goose-Step. "Distance is distance, but three thousand miles of ocean are hardly enough to rob a reader of Mr. Sinclair's book of his critical faculties."

Mr. Cowper may be interested to know that his theory is knocked out by the facts. The review of The Goose-Step in the London Nation was not a product of guess-work at three thousand miles distance; it was a product of intimate personal experience. The man who wrote it was for many years a professor at America's most intellectually snobbish university. He tested academic freedom in his own person, and in the experiences of many of his friends and colleagues. He knows American academic life as widely as any one person can know it, and he has made personal tests of the relative freedom in American and British universities.

So it would appear that the London Nation is less naïve than the American New Republic.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, California.

Affection Is Power

SIR: Mr. Clement Wood on Sex Morality has called forth a splendid number of replies and criticisms. For that, thank the Lord! The great Power, however, of which he writes, is not, as my friend Charles Street suspects, the thing that makes for war. Rather it is the thing we flippantly speak of as affection, and which, if sublimated, destroys war, and all other corruptions. We bring our babies on into life as children chiefly by means of affection and food. Hunger and Love are apparently God-given cravings or instincts. When the child leaves home, and usually a little before, he has learned the falsity that affection must be withdrawn from the diet except when at home. The new home, the World, offers many sweet friendships and affectionate relationships. Mostly these are looked upon with suspicion, and I write only of really pure affectionate relationships. But I do mean affection; demonstrated affection. Mere children are turned into cities of refrigerator, rooming-house life. When they work they can satisfy one craving with the money that work brings. Food is legal. Affection no one truly wants to buy even if that were possible. But every one wants to satisfy that other instinct, just as naturally as he wants all the fresh air he can get. Are we not nearly all of us smug and impure in that one direction when we go against nature and try to suppress or ignore that common instinct? Suppressed affection is suppressed power. Wherever else Mr. Wood failed he is right in that. Affection is power. Affection is legal.

A FRIEND.

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Books and Things

AFTER the Chairman had called the meeting to order he introduced the speaker of the evening, Secretary Theophilus O. Frisbee. Secretary Frisbee said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Agglomerated Association: Fifty years ago today, by the action of the great State of Nebraska, the thirty-sixth state to ratify, the Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the fundamental law of the United States [Cheers, which were redoubled when the American flag was unfurled immediately above the speaker's head]. Other amendments have been adopted since that time. Not all of these are such as a sober [scattering applause] second judgment would approve. As a citizen I obey them. As an officer of our federal government, unworthily occupying that place among the Executive's advisers to which President Conkey has in a friendly, a too hopeful, a possibly mistaken exercise of the appointing power assigned me, I do my best to see that they are enforced. As a free man I reserve my right to look upon those amendments with an unjaundiced eye. Weighing them in the balance I find some of them wanting and others—I speak advisedly—not wanted [loud laughter, in which the speaker just perceptibly joins]. Others again have stood the test of time and will stand the yet more acidified test of eternity [cheers].

In which class, Gentlemen, shall we place the Eighteenth Amendment? To ask that question is to answer it. The Eighteenth Amendment is in a class by itself. When our forefathers ratified it, when their representatives at Washington sought to make its provisions operative by framing what was known fifty years ago as the Volstead Act, they builded better than they knew. Yet no amendment before or since, no legislation designed to carry out the intent of any amendment, had in its infancy to run such a gauntlet of defamation, vilification, calumny and abuse. Few of you are as old in years as I am [Cries of "We are! We are!"]. You are very kind, but no kindness, not even yours, can do away with the fact that I was born in 1910, and can recall, as if it were yesterday—or shall I say the day before yesterday [laughter]?—what was said of the Volstead Act when it and I were young. Various though the opinions were as to the wisdom of its provisions, and as to the attempts then making to enforce them, there was general agreement, there was practical unanimity, that the widespread and mostly unpunished violations of that act encouraged and promoted disrespect for all law as law [prolonged laughter, in which the speaker joins unaffectedly].

Gentlemen, you laugh, I laugh. We know, not because we are wiser than our forefathers, not because we have better brains or truer hearts than the Coolidges, the Pinchots, the McAdoos of the morning of our century, not because we are greater men than those giants of the nineteen-twenties, not because I am a more inspired Secretary of the Treasury than my great predecessor—my never-to-be-forgotten predecessor [here the speaker consulted his notes] Andrew Mellon—we know, being born later, what they could not know, being born too early, namely, that the Eighteenth Amendment has caused a deeper respect for law, a more widespread observance of law, than any other Constitutional Amendment ever adopted, no matter when, no matter where. We know, Gentlemen of the Agglomerated Association of Bootleggers, that the Eighteenth Amendment has been the fruitful, the prolific, the inexhaustible mother of respect for every law but itself [squalls of applause, freshening into a hurricane].

The youngest of my hearers may not realize, yet I assure them it is the fact, that almost every state in the union has still upon its statute-books laws for the punishment of a crime of which some among you may never have heard the name—burglary. Burglary, an unfamiliar word for an unfamiliar thing. Burglary, which I had almost defined as an obsolete form of robbery, forgetting that robbery also is now obsolete. Holdups, forgery, embezzlement, use of the mails to defraud, smuggling of commodities other than the One Commodity [applause]—I can recall, and cases involving them once crowded our courts. Where are those cases now? The chart shows how they have diminished, half-decade by half-decade, through less and less to almost nothing. What are they now? The occasional anachronistic pastime of some ancestor-worshipping moron, some atavistic crank.

More and more in this country—and it is perhaps America's chief contribution to social science, as it is certainly her most weighty and massive contribution to criminology—more and more is it true that bootlegging has absorbed, is absorbing and will soon utterly extinguish what used to be regarded as the allied professions. To our young men of daring and resource your careers proclaim, in no uncertain tones, that no other crime, for maximum of safety and maximum of pecuniary reward, can compete with bootlegging. It is a case of bootlegging first, the rest nowhere. Fifty years ago, except at Leavenworth, at Waupun or at Joliet, where could a speaker have found an audience to whom he could say, quietly and conversationally as I am saying to you now, Well, gentlemen, you are all members of the criminal class, and at least two Cabinet officers, the Attorney-General and I, are in collusion with you? The Eighteenth Amendment and its legal offspring called bootlegging into existence: bootlegging has abolished all crimes except three. First, itself. Second, those due to careless driving. Third—and you may be glad to learn that I am authorized to announce President Conkey's intention of calling at an early date a conference to deal with this important subject—third, those crimes which are directly traceable to an unhappy difference in sex [cheers, in which the speaker inadvertently joins.]

A moment ago I used the word collusion. It is a good word, an apt word. Collusion is necessary between you on the one hand and the officers of the law on the other. Without the wise and expert counsel of your distinguished committee on law enforcement we, the officers of the law, could not guarantee the continuance of a state of things which has proven so satisfactory to you, to us, to every American. And when I say American I mean one-hundred percent Americans, and I distinctly do not mean one-tenth of one percent Americans [applause]. Collusion, without which the number of prosecutions and convictions might easily become too large or too small. If too small, everybody would turn bootlegger and profits would be wiped out and there would be a recrudescence of assorted crime. If too large, we should have a condition of things approximating to enforcement of the law, and I need not ask you [roars of laughter from all parts of the hall rendered the conclusion of the sentence inaudible]. In rural communities, in Detroit, in Chicago, in New York, to name our largest cities in their order, you must help us to decide whom to prosecute, whom to convict, whom to punish. The continuing success of our great American experiment in the extinction of crime depends on the wisest, the most exact, the most whole-hearted collusion. P. L.

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The Making of the Western Mind

The Making of the Western Mind, by F. Melian Stawell and F. S. Marvin. With Twelve Illustrations. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

WITH the purpose of this book clearly announced in the preface and steadily pursued through forty-three chapters of text it is difficult to understand the misleading title on any other ground than the intervention of the publisher, cannily resolved to capitalize the modish curiosity of the public on the subject of our "mind." It is therefore proper to warn the reader that this book possesses no kinship in either method, purpose, or content with Professor Robinson's best seller. The authors concern themselves simply with defining the leading historical elements of European culture from the Greeks to our own day and are convinced not only that each period made a contribution of unique value but that each nation of Europe has given something so inestimable that, could it be cancelled, the common treasure would suffer an irreparable loss.

Since the culture here understood is the unfolding of the human spirit as expressed in its works, the question arises whether that spirit's innumerable phases and flowering can be brought within the covers of a single volume. Plainly selection was necessary, a rigorous selection which, in the last analysis, would have to be shaped by a more or less definite Weltanschauung and conform to some acceptable metaphysical scale of values. Without sacrificing precious space to a theoretical discussion, the authors, or rather the author, for it is plainly Mr. Stawell who is responsible for the plan of the work as well as the bulk of its matter, sets up the two concepts of freedom and unity, between which, as poles, the whole world of European culture is represented as suspended. Pursuit first of the one and then of the other (but always of one to the exclusion of the other) marks the spiritual history of Europe until it is fairly clear that the merging of both in a harmonious synthesis is the substance of our present problems. Thus an international solution of the existing crisis, involving a reasonable freedom for the component parts of mankind within an inclusive world order, is indicated as the proper goal of our immediate effort, though by no means proclaimed in advance as an inevitable achievement.

So slight a frame to support a culture movement of three thousand years may invite criticism on the score of its extreme simplicity. But if we agree that a synthesis such as this is worth attempting, we are obliged to accept some norm of judgment by which the welter of circumstance may be reduced to order, with the result that the only issue which is really debatable relates to the effectiveness of the chosen norm.

The popular applause that was recently elicited by Mr. H. G. Wells's History of the World can be explained, in part at least, by his selective standard, which is manifestly "science," but the standard of the present book is infinitely finer, because, derived from the colored dreams and unsatisfied gropings of mankind, it is predicated on the faith that the central reality for the chronicler of civilization is not "science" but rather something more inclusive and intangible, something that is sufficiently indicated by the word "spirit." However, as spirit means little for the man in the street, as, in fact, it has no reality for him at all compared with flivvers, airplanes, steamshovels and the other conveniences through which he apprehends science, the prediction may be safely ventured that the present sketch will make no such splash as that caused by the facile and entertaining production of the famous Mr. Wells.

Even for the few who will peruse this work its value will depend less on its hidden faith than on its definite, palpable wares. For the proof of the pudding still, and quite properly, is not in the recipe but in the eating. And it is exactly here, in the execution, that the book shines. To dispose of Hellenism, Hebraism, Early Christianity and similar monumental phases of the spirit on the basis of a brief chapter for each movement is either to risk the plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous or to move steadily at an extraordinarily high level of penetrating intelligence. And, on the whole, the level is maintained, and, what is particularly noteworthy, not only when it is an issue of religious and philosophic import but also in matters which have a political, social, and aesthetic bearing.

Without doubt it is the rounded development of Mr. Stawell, his effective possession of the cultural inheritance he describes, which alone made this volume of quintessential criticism possible. There is a fullness of sympathy and a fire of inspiration about his estimate, for instance, of mediaeval art, of Dante and Chaucer, of Donatello, that might lead to the conclusion that he comes to his task from a major field of aesthetic appreciation, were it not for the political chapters, which, being a rarely concise and suggestive summary of European experience in the realm of government, seem to point to a past of preeminently political specialization. Take such a chapter as that dealing with the empire and the church. While the opposed vital principles emerge in pregnant statement, the actual conflict is realized in a few, vivid phrases drawn directly from the documents. The result is an intellectual artistry which makes the reading of even the purely philosophic sections easy and delightful. It is difficult to see how the novel element which was contributed by Aquinas and later, by the moderns from Descartes to Kant could be given with more point and with more brilliance in the same contracted space.

Of course there are gaps, some of them hard to explain even from the authors' angle of approach. Bruno is overlooked as well as Locke, the latter probably on the deliberate ground that in the history of systematic philosophy he is unimportant. In connection with Locke the further merit calls for mention that these English authors have so far divested themselves of nationalism that they show no inclination to exaggerate the English share in building up the body of European culture. Without abandoning philosophy, further notable omissions are Comte, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, but with them we have reached the nineteenth century which is strangely and systematically slighted not only on the score of philosophy but on every other score, except perhaps that of science. Whether the complexity of the age overwhelmed the authors or its spiritual message failed to reach them, there is here a manifest failure of courage and a disappointing relaxation of grip, for which Mr. Marvin's humorous discovery, just before the curtain descends, of a world-wide religious revival as the certain earnest of a coming world union offers a wholly insufficient compensation.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

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The Long Journey

The Long Journey, by Johannes V. Jensen. Translated by A. G. Chater. Volume I: Fire and Ice; Volume II: The Cimbrians. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

IT has become the fashion lately to write epics of mankind, showing the long continuity of human effort. Wells, in his Outline of History, and Van Loon, in The Story of Mankind, have taken hold of the German science of Weltgeschichte—professed in the nineteenth century by bearded scholars—and remoulded it with journalistic facility. The former is a book, picturesque, but marvellously inexact; the latter is a nursery epic, written to captivate and instruct. And yet both authors hold to the traditional stand of the historian: even where their information is thin, they never consciously fictionize. Their convictions are what Croce calls "the undemonstrable conviction of the juryman, who has heard the witnesses, listened attentively to the facts, and prayed Heaven to inspire him." That is to say, they attempt to show the world realistically, as it has been since the day of primeval slime. But finally, the value of their conclusions depends upon the depth of their intuitions. In so far they have the nature of the artist.

Covering so vast a field, Jensen has preferred to make his work artistic in the narrow sense, presenting it in the the aspect of the possible, of the imaginable. Thus The Long Journey is frankly fiction—intuition illuminating a very solid background of science. It is a series of stories, delightfully written, each of them covering an epoch: the two volumes which have appeared carry the men of northern Europe all the way from the hot volcanic age of forest-life to the stirring times of the Roman Republic.

Undoubtedly the method has its advantages. It gives room for a great deal of pleasant satire, as when Jensen writes: "They two were alone upon the ice-sheet, the only human couple in the North. The sun broke through the clouds and saw that there were no others. Thus arose monogamy." He can expand on those eras where his information is sound and use asterisks for the interim; and he never needs to say, as Wells does, "Now here again, with every desire to be plain with the reader, we have still to trouble him with qualifying statements and notes of interrogation." There is no need to discuss issues of history or anthropology; what he does is to reach his own solutions and present them in clear, living pictures. They stand out amazingly vivid—learning fused and united by the flame of art.

Intimate human needs are what interest Jensen most—climate and love and the search for food, the recklessness of men and the frugality of women; and he shows how these are reasons for invention and migration. From being a horde of hairy animals in the forest, men become lords of farms and forests and wide fields, all because they demand a living from the world, and because some man arises with brains enough to master his surroundings. He is always an outcast, living apart from the herd, and learning through solitude. He is impetuous youth, breaking away from the circumspection of its elders; and he becomes an agent of thrilling change, with a new herd following behind him. Fyr, the forest man, is the only one to make discoveries for sheer joy, crowing on the mountain-top: because his memory was long enough to distinguish day and night, he wanted to touch the sun and count the days of the moon; and so he climbed the volcano, lived in its upland meadows, and brought down fire on a branch.

With the coming of the Ice-age, however, all this was changed: Carl, the next Prometheus, "was one who could not yield. His heart fed on defiance, he grew in adversity. And when the primitive people were brought to the crossways between the cold and the forest, he was the one who chose the impossible. He became the first man."

Fyr and Carl and White Bear are stalwart heroes, more interesting than the later figures. As the work grows larger, the descriptions of flowers and beasts begin to pall, and the endless repetition of living and loving and dying which is human life tends to grow monotonous. The attitude towards little children is increasingly sentimental; the strong, eager bond between a man and woman, which in early days was so fruitful of progress, has softened now that it is no longer rooted in economic need, and appears in the sentimental story of Cheiron and Vedis. The truth of Anatole France's epigram becomes very apparent here, namely, that "the embarrassment of the historian increases with the abundance of his documents." To cover the whole period of the European migrations, Jensen has been forced to invent a mythical figure—Norna Gest, who is minstrel and immortal, wandering from one age to the next and giving the book a crude kind of unity. The method which Jensen has chosen is one that is hard to sustain. It is an endurance test, a real tax upon the writer's ingenuity, to keep it up for two volumes; and there is still a third to come.

ROSELEE COHEN.

Back to Rootabaga

Rootabaga Pigeons, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

MORE tales of the Rootabaga country! It is a source of real delight that Mr. Sandburg brings to the children another revelation of that whimsical, altogether delightful land—the heart of their own America.

There is, it is true, the same unevenness of tone and material that was found in the first volume. A few of the stories have a stronger appeal for the child who grew up than for the child who is still in the process of growing. But it would be an unforgivable calamity to miss the best of both volumes.

Some of the faces are familiar. Blixie Blimber reappears and the Potato Face Blind Man tells new stories of true poetic vision—among them how it is that Slipfoot "nearly always never gets what he goes after" and why the lovely Deep Red Roses "decide to wait until tomorrow to decide again what to decide." Here too is the unforgettable Bozo the Button Buster who bursts off buttons every time he draws breath to boast, and who, when he meets the fate of all idle boasters, is found to be nothing but a heap of empty clothes and meaningless buttons.

It is from Hot Balloons and his two daughters Dippy the Wisp and Slip Me Liz we learn how the Shampoo River may be crossed into the Rootabaga Country. But the simplest way of all to reach it is to bury yourself deep within the covers of the books. And the most unhappy fate would be to get a slipfoot before you arrived there.

C. N.

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Juvenile Books

Snythergen, by Hal Garrott. New York: Robert M. McBride. $2.50.

FAINTLY reminiscent of Pinocchio in tone, Snythergen, "a boy by birth, but a tree by profession," makes his bow. Mr. Dugald Walker has done much to bring out the humor of the story in his delightful illustrations. Yet somehow Snythergen just fails to enter the charmed circle of Alice in Wonderland and Dr. Dolittle.

Doctor Dolittle's Post Office, by Hugh Lofting. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

EVEN a three-year acquaintance with Dr. Dolittle cannot take away from his original, whimsical self a trace of that which endeared him to us. Through his mail service, as through his voyages, he remains always the inimitable Dr. Dolittle.

The Grateful Elephant, by Eugene Watson Burlingame. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.00.

THE exceptional child may turn from his more familiar folk and fairy tales to these parables of Buddha which appear as the root of some of Aesop's Fables and stories from Grimm. But for most children, the original text of the Pali, so closely followed by Mr. Burlingame, presents difficulties not wholly obliterated by the Introduction.

The Mirror Book, by Milton Goodman. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.00.

A NOVELTY that in its attempt to be a toy and a book fails to be either one or the other, the Mirror Book falls short of its possibilities.

Working Through at Lincoln High, by Joseph Gollomb. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

AN America in miniature—a public school in New York is a seething melting pot of the nations. With that as his theme and the boy Jimmy Lee, of newspaper aspirations, as the motivating force, Mr. Gollomb has evolved a boys' brotherhood symbolic of the America of our ideals.

Audacious Ann, by Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

FUDGE. What girls' boarding school story has seemed complete without it? Yet Mr. Marshall has carried Ann the audacious through a school year without a whiff of it in the making, or even a trace of its sickening sweetness in the characters.

Some Fun to Make Book. New York: John Martin's Book House. $1.25.

IF every book is a storehouse of knowledge for the child, this is a storehouse of joyous fleeting moments. Within its covers are not only puzzles to solve and things to cut out, but the scissors, paste and crayon to make the wish come true.

Stories of the Vikings, by Maurice Dunlap. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.00.

ADMIRABLY as these tales of Snorra the Skald have been rendered into forceful English, one might wish that Mr. Dunlap were more of a poet. We are drawn by the magnetism of the sons of Freya, but we are not blinded by the glory of their heritage.

The Starlight Wonder Book, by Henry B. Beston. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $3.00.

MR. BESTON merits high praise for this second volume of original fairy-stories, poetic in vision and in the telling.

This Singing World, edited by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

IT is the singing world of today and not of yesteryear that is caught for us in this anthology of "modern poems for children." The divisions Mr. Untermeyer has made are excellent and the whole is a valuable addition to the child's library.

The Bojabi Tree, by Edith Rickert. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $.75.

WITH its roots in an African folk-tale, The Bojabi Tree grew to be not very tall, and not very wide—but a jolly and likeable tree for all that.

A B C Book, by C. B. Falls. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $2.00.

IN the best A B C book we have seen Mr. Falls has made a happy choice of subjects portrayed in an attractive, noteworthy manner. It is an A B C for America to be proud of.

The Story of Naughty Kildeen, by Marie, Queen of Roumania. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

TOO elaborately attired to become the jolly companion of every day, Naughty Kildeen will probably be banished to the family safe, to be taken out only on state occasions. And considering the mediocrity of the story itself, with its self-satisfied moral and its many terrifying pictures, this is just as well.

Wizard of the North, by Parker Fillmore. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

"NEW lamps for old!" Old tales for new! The glamor of the unfamiliar enhances the beauty of these stories from the Kalevala, the epic of Finland, which Mr. Fillmore has retold to our delight.

Franconia Stories, by Jacob Abbott. Edited by Margaret Armstrong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IN the ever-abundant crop of old favorites, one has appeared which deserves a widespread planting. Miss Armstrong has clipped off dead branches, but she has happily refused to do any grafting on the original bush.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

Contributors

IDA M. TARBELL was formerly associate editor of the American Magazine. She is the author of the Life of Abraham Lincoln, the Ways of Women, New Ideals in Business, and of many magazine articles on history and current subjects.

CLIVE BELL, the English critic of literature and art, is a frequent contributor to the New Republic. He is the author of Art, Since Cézanne, etc. His most recent book, On British Freedom, was brought out this fall in this country by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL for many years professor in modern history at the University of Chicago, has recently spent several months in the Southern Tyrol. His newest book is The History of the Balkan Peninsula.

ROSELEE COHEN is a reviewer for various magazines.

CONSTANCE NAAR is a member of the staff of the New Republic.

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